



*Exciting Stills
from
7 New Films
plus*

NUDE SHOWSTOPPERS

VIRGINIA ROGERS

VIVIAN GREGG

JANE DUNN

TIFFANY WINTERS

VICKI LUDOWSKI

and

TANIA ►

VOLUME THIRTY THREE



MODERN
MAN
QUARTERLY

ONE DOLLAR
SUMMER, 1965



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VOLUME THIRTY-THREE

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NUDE MOVIES—PAGE 45

Modern Man Quarterly

Introduction

ALL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS, discerning, red-blooded modern men — of course — girls." Whereupon, it is only natural that MODERN MAN Quarterly would be divided accordingly into three sections catering to each of these universal fancies. Leading off on page 4 are the gals in the lives of "Men Who Have It Made"—all about fellows like British glamour photographer Harrison Marks (right), who makes his living by making gorgeous models, starlets, and showgirls famous. Following, on page 19, is a portfolio of "Show Stoppers," those leggy, well-stacked wonders like San Francisco "Swim" girl Carol Doda (left), who prove again that there is nothing like a dame to put the business of "show" into show business. The final section, beginning on page 45, reviews a dandy assortment of "Nude Movies," each featuring a collection of unclothed chicks who turn silver screens into shocking shades of flesh-pink (above). So you see, no matter what your chief interests are as a modern man, you will find them on display on the following pages.

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Cover: Tania

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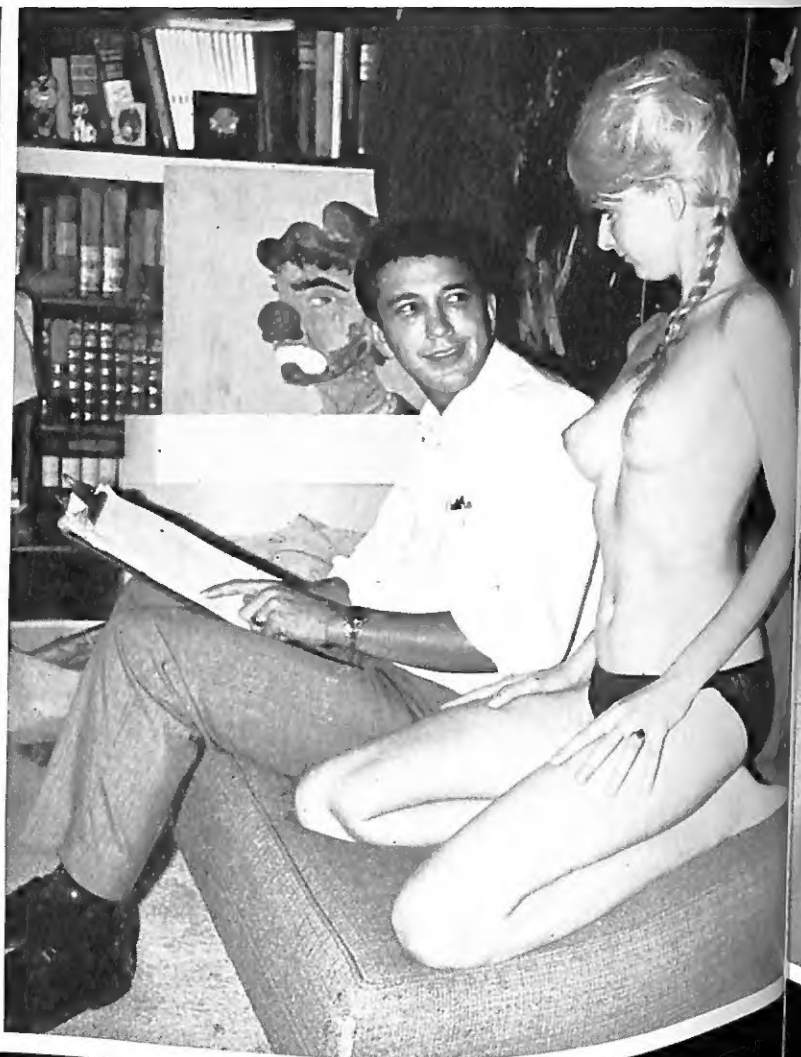
MEN WHO HAVE IT MADE — PAGE 4



SEAN CONNERY



JOHN LAWRENCE



MEN
WHO HAVE IT
MADE

PARTY POTENTATES

HARRISON MARKS



RICHARD BURTON, in the eyes of many, is a man "who has it made." Even Burton himself reportedly thinks so. Nonetheless, there was a hearty, coast-to-coast horselaugh when Dickie recorded a song entitled "A Married Man," in which he sings praises to the happiness and contentment of males in captivity. Liz Taylor notwithstanding, most men consider "having it made" includes the freedom to roam through other pastures of pulchritude, untethered by matrimony. In this popular concept, real men who have it made are guys like Sean "James Bond" Connery, or nude movie kingpin John Lawrence, or a group of fellows who toss a wild, girl-filled "New Year's Eve" party in June, or British glamour photographer Harrison Marks, (above left to right). Girls of all sizes, shapes, and varieties fill their everyday lives. Connery, Lawrence, and Marks even make lots of money out of this happy arrangement. All of which makes Burton look like a very unfortunate fellow, comparatively speaking. But, after all, not everyone can be so lucky.

MEN
WHO HAVE IT
MADE

The MAN with the GOLDEN TOUCH



Employing typical Bond maneuver (above), Sean Connery romances Shirley Eaton who is famed femme fatality in Goldfinger (below). Appearance in scene with Dianela Bianchi in From Russia With Love (opposite page), Connery's first Bond movie, established trend for future motion pictures in which he often went from worse to bed.





Scoring fabulous success, new film hero is man in million, bats 1000 with curvy numbers.

NOT SINCE Mickey Spillane retired his super private-eye, Mike Hammer, has there been a nemesis confronting the bad guys—and good girls—of the world to compare with the suave sexpert sleuth cooked up by the late British author, Ian Fleming. Sure, you know him—probably better than you know your next door neighbor or the guys you bowl with every Thursday night. For he's been given maximum exposure at all levels, and there scarcely is a place left where you don't encounter him, one way or another. The guy is none other than that intrepid secret agent, 007, otherwise known as James Bond. Or, if you're a stickler for facts, he does go by the off-screen name of Sean Connery, a movie-maker supreme, a master of emotional impact, with or without portfolio.

There is no getting around the fact that Connery is one man in a million who has the world as his oyster. If ever a man had it made—in almost any intriguing way that you might care to mention, it's Connery. Within a few dozen months he has rocketed from an obscure assortment of menial jobs in the placid Scottish city of Edinburgh to the No. 1 spot on notoriety's hit parade. Men envy him, women go out of their minds—and morals—over him, and kids see him as an image to grow into.

But it doesn't end there. For Connery also earns a mine of money every time he saunters in front of a camera—movie, television, or Polaroid. It makes no difference. He travels in the very



Rounding out Bond reels, fillies in Connery's stable include Nadja Regin, Claudine Auger, Uschi Bernele. (top to bottom).



best of circles. His co-stars are handpicked and, in addition to virulent villains, comprise a conglomeration of the most eye catching cuties ever to display their epidermal delights on the biggest and broad-est screens in existence. Never have skin-a-mo-scope productions been more lavish or liberally endowed than those in which Connery is cast.

Psychiatrists have trouble explaining Connery's phenomenal popularity, but they do agree that most of it based upon his air of mystery—and his mastery—with members of the opposite sex. At home, with his attractive wife, actress Diane Cilento, he is pretty much like the rest of us guys. In fact, his home is a remodeled convent in the London suburb of Acton. That's Acton, not "action." The latter is what Sean excels in during his screen sexcapades.

When the cameras roll, Connery comes on strong—in an assuming sort of way. And before you know it, he has one damsel after another in and out of his arms, to say nothing of the sofas, settees, and beds which abound in each of his films. Between dames, he racks up dastardly critters with equal aplomb. It's the kind of life we all dream about, but only see on the screen. Come to think of it, that's where Sean finds the best things, too. ◊

Enjoying armful of Dianela Bianchi in From Russia With Love (above left), Connery gets eyeful of Luciana Paluzzi in Thunderball (top), tangles with Nadja Regin in Goldfinger (above), as boyfriend winds up with blackjack.

NUDE MOVIE MOGUL

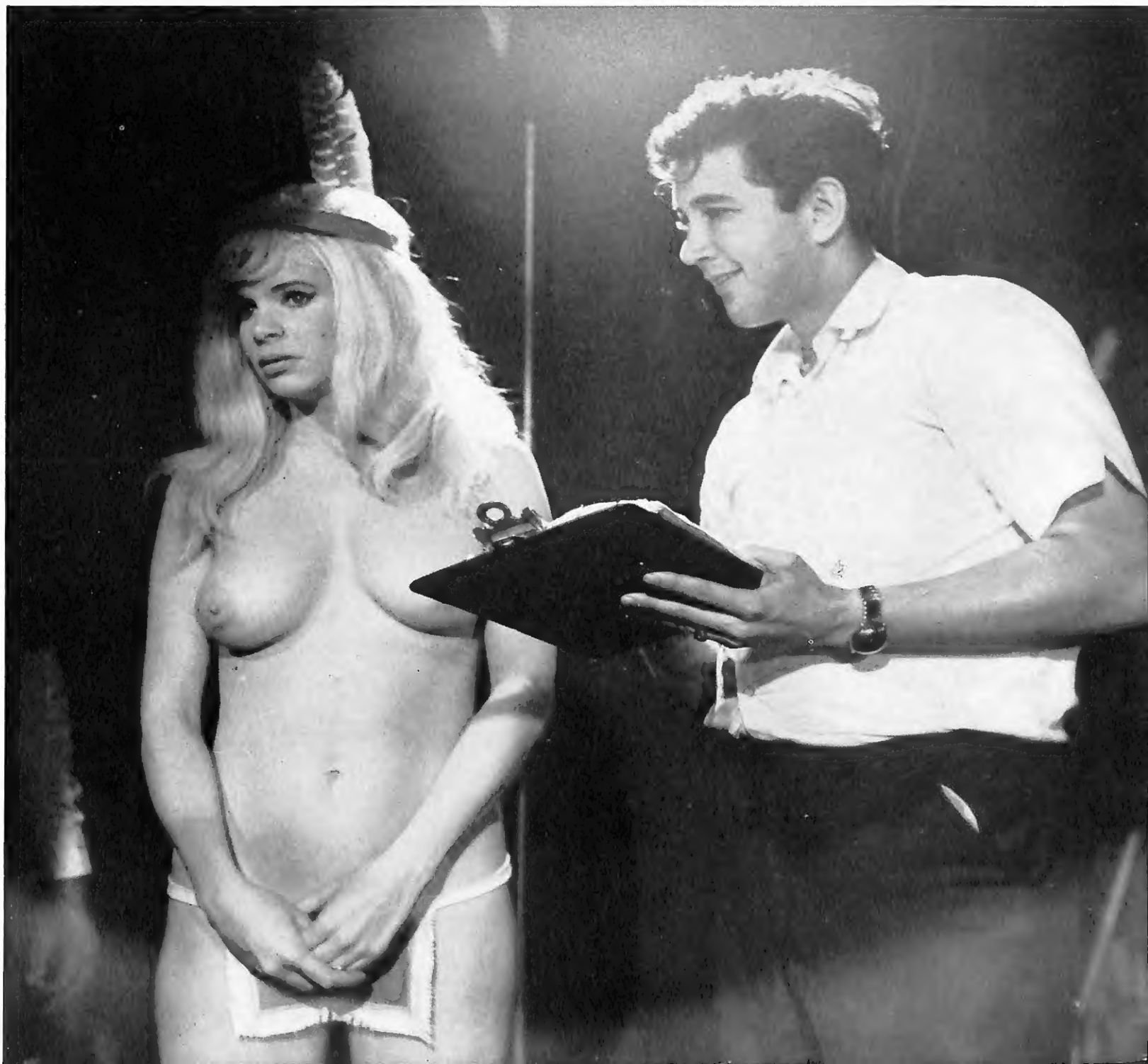
MEN

WHO HAVE IT

MADE

TO MILLIONS of guys the world over, the ideal image of a man who has it made is a fellow who produces nude movies. Nothing could be closer to the truth — especially in the case of John Lawrence, a 29-year-old ex-Brooklynite who has discovered the form-ula for success consists of equal parts of celluloid and flesh. Not one to pass up fair-haired opportunities, John not only produces, directs, and writes most of his own material, but he also hand-picks the chicks who have the special attri-beauts required for his unusual brand of fast

Preparing scene for Tales of a Salesman, Lawrence rehearses Terry Taylor, who adds own fine lines to script.





Working on set with crewmen (above left), Lawrence returns to office to check qualifications of hopeful eye-ful Gail Johnson (above right). Busy day is rounded out when Bobby Baker (below), enters for undressed rehearsal.

and funny motion pictures.

What does it take to get started in the Hollywood skin game? Nothing but a way with figures, a nice broad-minded attitude, and a willingness to start at the bottom so you can work your way up to the top. John has all this, plus something Tinsel Town could use a little more of: showmanship and a devotion to hard work. Of course, the last part comes easy when the work is 90 per cent play.

Even so, a lot more is involved than merely unzipping a few zippers and unbuttoning a few buttons. In John's case, it took seven years before the chips and chicks started stacking up his way. But with his first film, *Tales of a Salesman* (See page 64), John's career started climbing toward the heights.

To insure that his efforts would pay off dollar-wise as well as doll-wise, Lawrence conjured up some public relations gimmicks to promote his gal-filled film. Most of his brainstorms turned out to be howling hericanes, however.

Just prior to the release of *Tales*, for example, Lawrence had raised eyebrows by staging a private picket parade protesting the Cork (Ireland) Film Festival's ban on nudies. Naturally, three of California's bloomingest roses carried the "Unfair To Nudies" placards while appropriately undressed in bras and panties — and sometimes even less than that.

Although John is more than happy with his accomplishments, he still has eyes for trying his hand at acting someday. That way, he figures he can add a method to his gladness. ♦





Protesting festival ban on nudies (above left), Lawrence gets beauties to wear appropriate lack of attire. Studying lines with Marsha Brown, Bobby Baker (above right), he works diligently on the Tales of a Salesman (below).



MEN WHO HAVE IT MADE

NEW WAY TO RING OUT THE OLD

THE THREE GUYS playing knock-knock on the door in the picture to the right have really got it made! They're not door-to-door magazine salesmen, nor are they Greeks bearing gifts. Actually, they are a trio of California cats about to celebrate a New Year's Eve blast — and in June — fiscal New Year's, that is.

Out in the land where all the nuts don't grow on trees, parties are a way of life. And the guys and gals of the Golden State like to start their shindigs early and end them late in order to do justice to all that lovely *vino* and Mexican hooch that flows so freely through the king-sized Disneyland. The nation-wide bash that celebrates ringing out the old and ringing in the new is the biggest bender of the year. And out where parties are soirees, and everyone is damn ready to celebrate anything, a New

*Ringling out old, ringling in new,
West Coast wags stage femme-filled
fete, develop some staggering results.*

Rapping on door, suave swingers find dates waiting patiently for arrivars (below). Brummels (bottom right), then wait for gals to unwrap for party (bottom left).





Cavorting long into night (above), beauties add "nude" twist, halt frenzied fun-making only to check midnight glow (left).

Year's Eve party is an affair to remember.

In this instance, however, the guys (Aleaco Alee, Norman Winski, and William Hughes) are a bit ahead in beginning their big blowout. Like six months ahead! Their New Year's babies (Sheri Everett, Jan Carter, and Carol Baughman) waiting inside for the male call, however, figure it's better early than never.

When their date arrive, the gals get the goings-on rolling and when things get warm, they dash to the bedroom to climb out of their clothes and slip into something cooler.

How this affects the male party goers temperatures is readily apparent.

Back again; and it's lights, music, booze, twist, twist, and cha-cha-cha until everyone begins to glow. How they stand the pace is undoubtedly the best-kept secret since some fractured friar discovered the Green Chartreuse — but on it goes and long, long into the night.

By the time they get around to *Auld Lang Syne*, the party looks like a combination of Nero fiddling and a scene cut from *La Dolce Vita*. But it's more than likely the merrymaking will continue until Labor Day. After all, nobody wants to be the first to break up a good thing. ○

Adjusting television, guy at gal-filled gala appears thunderstruck over high-voltage display.





Relaxing in between "twists," Sheri Everett (above left), Jan Carter (above right), later swing into action with Carol Baughman (below left), they set party-mate on ear in finale.





Focusing on girls in scene (below), Marks later checks exposure of Dawn (bottom), captures June Palmer's beauty (bottom right) in scene from new movie he is producing.



MEN
WHO HAVE IT
MADE

King of Model Queens

IN EVERY BUSINESS office there are a few wiseacres who continually lament: "I don't mind the work, it's the people I work with." Nothing could be farther from fact in the workaday world of Harrison Marks, one of Britain's topflight glamour photographers. The reason is simple — Marks works with some of the most beautiful women in the world. This, in itself, is a definite bonus, but when you consider that these gals are all in various stages of undress, then Marks' type of labor is something most men dream about, yet rarely get the call.

Marks' enviable way of life, however, is not something that happened overnight. He's been a photographer since he quit going to school at the age of 13 to become an





Directing model stars (above, left), Marks works on new film, his grin-and-bare-it movie autobiography.



apprentice for a film company. He left this briefly in his late teens for a short stint in vaudeville. Returning to photography, he joined the staff at Elstree studios where he began working his way up the ladder as a glamour photog.

Today, at the age of 39, goateed Harrison Marks has the air of a man who enjoys his work — and why not? Operating in a large, luxurious studio near Fleet Street, he daily focuses his attention and camera on the luscious accoutrements of shapely British belles. His pin-ups are world-famous, his calendars are in great demand, and curvaceous charmers are constantly beating a path to his door.

Yet, Marks is not entirely satisfied, and recently added a new dimension to his photographic world — moviemaking. His first film, *Naked as Nature Intended* was in the slapstick tradition of Mack Sennett, with one notable exception. Marks padded his scenario with uncovered and uninhibited models instead of Keystone cops.

At the moment, Marks is hard at work on a new film — a rib-tickling account of his career as a figure photog in which he takes the audience on an eye-opening journey down his private mammary lane.

Commenting on success, Marks states with aplomb: "I have been able to reach the pulse of the public." Then, too, he has done a darn good job of quickening it too.



SHOW STOPPERS

NO MATTER how many gorgeous girls appear in any given entertainment spa, it seems there is always one real beauty who is more prominent than the others. By virtue of a stunning figure and a sexy face, such a gal attracts all the eyes in the house regardless of whether she is the performer in the spotlight or just the third chick from the left in a 20-girl chorus line. There is a word for this type of creature. We call her a "show stopper," because when she gets in motion, everything else might just as well grind to a halt. Among the collection of show stoppers in this section are Baby Jane Dunn, Vivian Gregg, Virginia Rogers, and Tiffany Winters (clockwise from top right), whose reasons for succeeding as show stoppers are as plain as the noses on their faces—even plainer. Baby Jane, for instance, brings everything to a standstill without moving so much as one curvy muscle in her own act. She is downright devastating even when she is simply standing there, or sitting there, as the case may be. Vivian, Virginia, and Tiffany move, nonetheless they get the same kind of results. So do the others in this section—Tania, the Spaak sisters, Vicki Ludovisi, and Carol Doda. Above all, when these gals know the show must go on, they take everything off. o





TANIA



SHOW STOPPER

EVEN AFTER the big red Russian bear closed his claws around Yugoslavia, there was one honey of a gal named Tania who managed to escape his communistic clutches. Born in the little city of Zagreb, Tania spent her early years frolicking and filling out her sweaters as she romped through the narrow, cobble-stoned streets of her native Croatia. Splashing in the Sava River, teen-aged Tania lured the local fishermen away from their nets and the workers in the orchards literally fell out of their trees at the sight of such a fine figure of a femme. But by the time Tania was old enough to start enjoying the fruits of her free-living and fun-loving life, the Iron Curtain had solidly clanged down around her tiny country. Fleeing to jolly old England, Tania has traded Iron Curtain for velvet stage backdrop and works now as one of the most striking new show stoppers in the West End — London's naughty niterie district. Having ripened to sweet perfection beneath the warm slavic sun, Tania, who is endowed with deep brown eyes, golden





Stretching out in English countryside (left), Tania sports undraped shape in alfresco frolic (above, below left), displays well-turned torso that stops shows in West End (below).



Exhibiting winsome face, figure (below, below right, bottom), shapely showgirl is used to wearing little more than smiles.

hair, and a figure as curvy as the beautiful Blue Danube, is a natural when it comes to show biz — the *au naturel* kind that is. Even shrouded in a low-cut peasant blouse and short swirling skirt, Tania's talents were immediately spotted by ogling pulchritude promoters the moment she docked on the Thames. Despite her full-blown abilities, though, Tania had a bit of trouble getting her career off the ground. She takes as much pride in her heritage as in her proud form and refused to change her Croat cognomen. But deciding no one could pronounce her name even if there was a marquee big enough to fit in all the letters, she prefers being called just Tania now. Still, most people refer to her as, "Wow!"





Assuming striking poses (above, right), Baby Jane Dunn bares all in art-for-art's-sake show at Interlude.

BABY JANE DUNN

EVER WONDER WHAT happened to Baby Jane—BabyJane Dunn, that is? When she last appeared as an eye-popping showstopper in *MODERN MAN QUARTERLY*, this luscious, platinum-haired doll was really flooring the pub-crawlers with her barely-attired gamboling on the stage of *The Castaways* in Las Vegas. But, tired of all the strenuous hoofing and blaring music, the new Jane is in San Francisco, stopping shows in a way that brings everything to a complete standstill — including herself.

And she is nuder than ever.

Starring as the center attraction in an arty act at the Interlude, a posh Baghdad-by-the-Bay supper club. Jane poses on a pile of artificial rocks and downy-soft pillows while a quick-sketch artist nimbly captures her lovely limbs on canvas for posterity. The really eye-catching part of her performance, however, is that Jane sits for the artist while 100 per cent, completely, and altogether in the altogether. There are no



SHOW STOPPER





Wearing black wig (above), Jane prepares for altogether appearance in backstage undressing room (opposite page left). Chatting with artist Ron Wander, Interlude's manager (opposite page right), Jane goes on in act that is living end (opposite page bottom).

sparkling sequins or frilly feathers to keep a secret of any part of Jane's silky-smooth 38--24-38 proportions. So while the esthetes are edified, the groundlings gawk.

The artist-in-action act is part of a three-hour-long nude "cocktail hour" being featured at the Interlude. The arty hours begin when Ron Wander, a professional artist and expert wielder of the charcoal, introduces the delectable Baby Jane, who comes on stage wearing just a shiny carmine cape filled to bursting with her comely curves.

Directing Jane into a relaxed and artistic pose, Wander slowly removes the covering cloak of modesty and rapidly begins to sketch the rare display of Jane's nude form.

Finishing a drawing, he tears it from his pad and presents it to a member of the audience. Then, Wander quickly covers Baby Jane so she can demurely assume another pose. So it continues — and the patrons are spellbound not only at the magnificent sight of Baby Jane, but marvelling also at

Wander's ability to work under such distracting conditions.

Jane's showstopping show seems like the sort that would likely be brought to a quick halt by the local gendarmes — except that it really is art. Police were called in to watch a preview of the new cocktail hour entertainment and wholeheartedly agreed that the exhibition was not in the least questionable. As long as beautiful Baby Jane remains motionless while posing and does not go in for any sexy movements, the sketching sessions will be allowed to continue.

As the sessions continue, so do the crowds flocking to the Interlude. But who would have dreamed that entertainment could ever become so graphic.





Displaying lovely limbs in *La Calda Vita* (above), Catherine adds raw talents to *La Noia* (below).



SHOW STOPPER



THOSE SPAARK GIRLS

SHOULD SOME BIG-WIG American politician discover his two favorite nieces were doffing their duds in some of Hollywood's more risqué reels, you can be sure there would be a diplomatic game of button-up before somebody's constituents got an eyeful. Not so in Europe where nudity, both on and off the screen, is all part of the Continental landscape. So when Catherine and Agnes Spaak, the nieces of Belgium's Foreign Secretary and former NATO Secretary-General Paul Henri-Spaak, began appearing *au naturel* in some sizzling European movie scenes there was no toppling of governments or political "cover-ups." Rather, as the daughters of scriptwriter and film director Charles Spaak, Paul's brother, both Agnes and Catherine were ripe and ready for discovery. It was Catherine, however, who got the jump when she was spotted while appearing on French TV by none other than the Queen of Italian Cleavage herself — Sophia Loren. Since then, Catherine's career has skyrocketed with "raw" exposure in German and Italian movies including *Die Suessen Tauschungen* (*The*



Making nude debut (top), spritely Agnes Spaak brings whetted interests into view in scene from *Die Don Juans der Cote d'Azur* (above right).

Sweet Illusions), and *La Parmigiana*. In *The Easy Life*, starring Vittorio Gassman as a bored citizen of Rome hell-bent on making merry — and Jane and Joan — Catherine plays the daughter who is forced to watch her father go from rake to roué. Also to her sin-ematic credit is *La Noia*, a film in which an over-excited Horst Buckholtz covers a birthday-suited Catherine with currency, thus proving he has more dollars than sense. However, with Catherine's marriage to Fabrizio Capucci, the brother of the celebrated fashion

designer, it has been Catherine's younger sister Agnes who has followed in her clothes-strewn footsteps to become the Spaak family's latest contribution to Continental movie screens. Although her talents are still confined to bit parts, Agnes' lack of inhibitions when it comes to revealing her charms has left little to the imagination of European moviegoers. Just what Uncle Paul Henri-Spaak thinks of his naughty nieces is anybody's guess. Unlike the eager Spaak-fans ogling the girls at cinemas across the country, Paul always pleads "diplomatic immunity" when asked for comments. ○

Adding to scenic beauty of Riviera beach (below), Agnes is often cast as uninhibited type who throws caution, clothes to wind.





Wearing winning smile (above left), Catherine dons skin-tight denims for German fare, *The Hot Life* (above right) appears in abbreviated costume in Italian *La Parmigiana* (below).





SHOW STOPPER

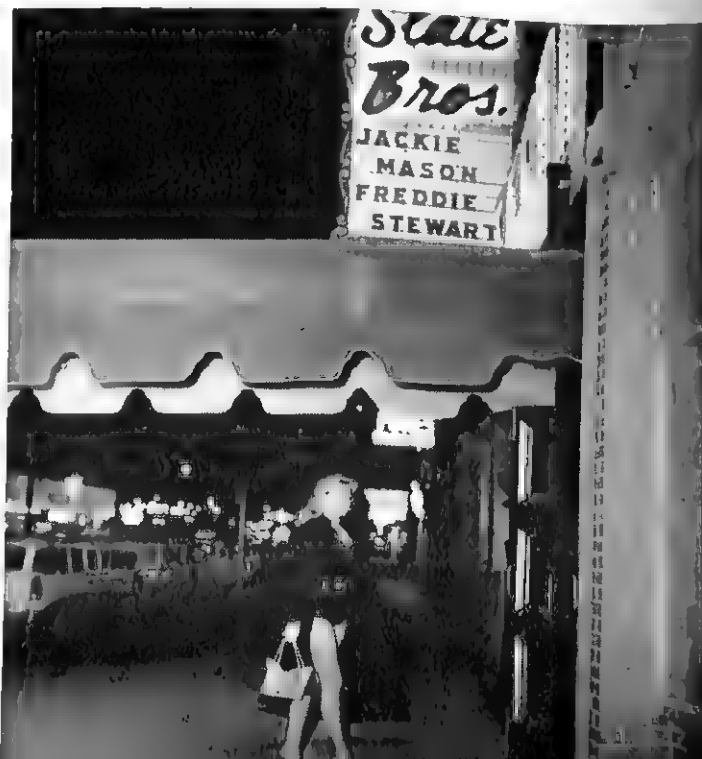


VIRGINIA ROGERS

THE WONDERFULLY wicked confines of the wild west have long been a shining beacon for gorgeous gals with a yen to hitch their wagons to a star. A short stroll down Sunset Boulevard or around Hollywood and Vine will provide the seasoned girl-watcher with the best views of female finery to be found west of the good, old Las Vegas nudie stage shows. However, not all the sex-citement occurs curbside in the land of movies and Jayne Mansfield. Bend an elbow at Slate Bros. niterie in Los Angeles, for example, and your jaded peepers will be treated to a cocktail cutie named Virginia Rogers, who has more curves than Route 66. After 20 sunny summers in staid Union, N.J., Virginia took the giant step to the Golden State a short while ago. When not flashing her curvy chassis just beyond eager customers' itchy fingers, Virginia studies the action on-stage to learn how to turn her burning ambition to become a nightclub singer into neon-light reality. "Singing lessons I've had," she says. "But, the real lessons are up on the



Arriving at job as slick-chick waitress (right), Virginia hopes to become singer instead of fabulous eyeful (above).





Chatting with co-worker (below left), Virginia is pensive gal (bottom), wants to use healthy lungs (below right), for song.



bandstand. Up there, you're somebody; down here you're just a cute trick in a short skirt."

Of course, being in the public eye, so to speak, is one way of making would-be singers' dreams come true. There's always a chance that some stogie-puffing movie mogul or Daddy War-BUCKS might wander in, learn of Virginia's warbling goals, and she's off on her way to the moon. Stranger things than this have happened to busty beauties who developed an affinity for long hours and short Cokes at Schwab's Drugstore. Like her sisters-of-the-tray, Virginia's day-to-day doings are fraught with late-hour lounge lizards who think all cocktail-carrying dolls are fair game. Virginia, however, avoids the West Coast brand of wolf. Instead, she digs fun types who meet the not-too-demanding requirements of being six-feet tall with short black hair and long green loot. If Lady Luck does toss her fickle smile Virginia's way, Hollywood's music-makers will have a real triple-threat crowd-pleasing bonanza. Not only is Virginia a good-looker and a singer of sweet songs, but her show-manship, as you can readily see, is well-developed too. So it would seem that Virginia will ultimately realize her coveted dream. Yes, Virginia, out in Flicksville, U.S.A., there really is a Santa Claus. The only problem is, when he finds you, he'll probably be winking. ○

VIVIAN GREGG

MANKIND'S TROUBLES, it is said, began when some fella named Adam—lured by a gal named Eve—took a healthy bite out of an apple. Even so, another “apple” of legend, the one more commonly known as New York, has been dishing up man-sized pleasures that more than make up for man's first mistake. Case in point: Vivian Gregg. The bountiful charms of this gorgeous gal with hair that is sometimes blonde, other times brunette, were once reserved only for the eager eyes of east coast lensmen, who spent hours focusing on the way she filled out the latest fashions. Now, however, the modish miss with the mischievous eyes has decided to share her wealth of femininity with all comers. Gyrating through the wee hours as a discotheque dancer, Vivian has all of New York's



SHOW STOPPER





night people goggling, as she offers exciting glimpses of her lithe and lovely limbs. The results of her spangle-shaking "swims" and fringe-flouncing "frugs" have made this gal with the flexible torso, the apple-of-the-bloodshot-eyes of midnight Manhattanites from the Battery to the Bronx. Perched on a tiny pedestal, high above a throng of eager and enthusiastic fans, Vivian matches the volume of the vibrations with pretty voluminous gyrations of her own. "It's not much different from working as a model," she confided. "I mean, there are still the bright lights and somebody watching every move you make — but, it's lots more fun," she admitted with a twinkling smile. Her only problem is that she sometimes gets so carried away with her abandoned actions she bubbles up right out of her low-cut garment. Turning around to make a quick adjustment, Vivian always gets a hand from the patrons who enjoy the novel embellishments of her act, and some joker is sure to yell, "Encore!" Vivian can't really complain though, because every job has occupational hazards. And, after all, she is in show business. ○

Stretching out in her bare skin on a bearskin (below), blonde Vivian is as enticing as brunette Vivian (left), since hair-do doesn't affect curves or detract from beauty.







SHOW STOPPER

TIFFANY WINTERS



WHEN IT COMES to being popular, Tiffany Winters is way out in front. Introduced to MM readers a scant three months ago, Tiffany was the see-nic model queen whose 39-26-36 charms amply graced our Yearbook of Queens and did poetic justice to the pair of painted-on eyeballs she wore as a costume at a recent artists and models ball in L.A. Well, readers' peepers popped, too, and letters poured in demanding to see more, much more, of the reigning beauty.

"That painted lady is really something else," quipped one fan, "now why don't you feature her in just a coat of lacquer?"

Still a very colorful gal in her natural blushing pink and full-blown flesh tones,

Tiffany took to the turpentine and raised some other spirits in the process.

When she isn't in the business of posing for some lucky photog, Tiffany works as an almost topless waitress out in one of the swinging nightspots in the San Fernando Valley. But one look at Tiffany in her table hopping, drink-jiggling outfit is enough to convince anyone that the guy who first

Putting lot of effort into tiny waitress outfit (above, right), Tiffany gives ample proof that she has the top to do justice to any topless.



called them "topless" fashions must have been blind in both eyes. Wearing just two tiny black sequins, a pair of black net stockings, and a brief, brief pair of bikini-styled briefs, she is the most appetizing item on the bistro's menu. As a tray-carrying attraction, Tiffany, in her come-and-see garb, is packing in the customers the way the signs of free lunch used to in the good old days. Apparently, things couldn't be better. Still, this platinum-pated, pixie-faced package of pulchritude has one complaint about working as a topnotch waitress in topless. There's no place to keep her tips, which is a problem since her gushing personality is enough to make even a Scotsman free with his wad. Figuring the best things in life are free anyway, Tiffany puts all her extra loot in the jukebox to provide the patrons with even more free entertainment as she does an impromptu frug around the floor. That really starts things shaking. First a model queen, now a showstopper. There's no telling what this gal will turn to next. But whatever it is, you can just bet she'll come out on top — more or less.

Spending hard-earned gratuities in jukebox (bottom), well-endowed, Tiffany has no place to keep them in teeny uniform, figures she has assets to spare (below).





SHOW STOPPER



VICKI LUDOWSKI

WITH more Polish jokes floating about than Milwaukee has beer caps, it is a real treat to find a former denizen of this land by the Baltic Sea who would rather spend her time taking things off than putting people on. Now an inhabitant of Italy, Vicki Ludowski thanks her lucky stars for having hit the road to Roma from her home in Warsaw.

Immediately after Vicki had settled her svelte Slavic form onto a chair at a curbside Italian cafe, she was spotted by eager-eyed talent scouts as movie material most *simpatico*. The results of a quickie screen test in a nearby studio were shouts of *bellissimo* which brought a quickie film contract. Today, after amply contributing to six eye-popping

Posing for publicity photos (below left, right) pert Vicki Ludowski takes eyes off "birdie," shares joke with lucky lensman (bottom).





Performing sizzling strip in latest film (above), Vicki shows she has essential talents for becoming great Italian actress (left).



Italian flicks, Vickie is more a star than a starlet. But her fabulous face and figure are still unknown to border-bound American sin-ematic fans. Apparently, the bluenosed stateside censors feel there just would not be enough to fill a reel after their busy little scissors got through snipping out all the sexy spots.

Unperturbed, Vicki lives it up in the land of *La Dolce Vita*, sunning on some deserted beach. "Beeches I deeg," she confided in her best English, "the beeger and softer they are, the beeter." Of course, with Vicki's busy movie schedule there is little time for beach bumming. Up at six, she makes the run to the movie studio in her spiffy little sports car, doing her best to dodge all the hot-blooded Italian males whose national pastime is leaping onto the fenders of cars driven by gorgeous gals. Perhaps that is why Italy has so many traffic accidents. But who can blame them? The likes of Vicki zipping by with the top down (on her convertible, of course), dressed in only the teeniest of bikinis, and singing a Polish love song in Italian is enough to make any man jump for joy — and Vicki, too.



SHOW STOPPER



CAROL DODA

THROUGHOUT Southern California, the seashore plays host to hordes of chianti-swilling beachniks and surfers. But further up the coast, in the swinging section of San Francisco known as North Beach, the pub-crawling gentry would rather see a swim than do one—especially when champion paddler Carol Doda is putting her olympic form on display. As featured swimming instructress at the Frisco bistro, The Condor Club, Carol has become a splashing success with an act that keeps her as dry as an 8 to 1 martini, and just about as intoxicating. Going through her aquatic antics while decked out in some top drawer, but topless, beach wear, Carol starts her roof-raising routine by plunging from the rafters on a tiny white piano—sort of a combined sounding board and diving board for her discotheque swims. Keeping pace with the beat, Carol does the dog, frug, monkey, and the bird. The frenzied



Bobbing to Mersey beat (left), Carol Doda launches free-style swim fete at Condor Club; tickles pub-crawlers, own fancy in \$1000 chincilla topless (above). Posing with life-size plastic statue (right), Carol wears one of five different titillating outfits, relaxes with guitar between showy showings (far right).



← CAROL DEMONSTRATES THE "SWIM"



flapping naturally attracted many members of the National Bird-Watchers Society who were holding their annual bash in town recently. Most of them were impressed with the spritely 23-year-old chick as she performed her high-flying, free-style swim, and a couple even took notice of her rare plumage—a \$1000 chinchilla swimsuit, sans top. Flocking in to see her show-stopping show, some of the conventioners asked Carol how she felt about her costume—or rather, the lack of it. “I don’t mind wearing it,” she eagerly explained. “I’m not really a great dancer, but a lot of great dancers don’t get the audience reaction I do.” The trouble was, some of the feather-fanciers cried, “Fowl,” and soon the blue-nosed boys in blue were offering “swimming” instructions of their own. Luckily, there was a way to keep the act from going under and still meet the legal requirements for minimal cover-up. Now, Carol’s act is even a little spicer because, in addition to her topless toggery, she wears two strategically-placed, tiny peppermint lifesavers. ○





NUDE MOVIES

JOKE ALL you will about the quickie movie-makers who are struggling for recognition, and money, in an industry dominated by the corporate giants of Hollywood. But, though their efforts may be puny in comparison to the millions spent by major studios, minor league production companies make brave and noble contributions to the art of movie-making. Long before Paramount had Carroll Baker stripping to the skin in *The Carpetbaggers*, Pad-Ram Enterprises had a whole carload of girls ramping in the raw throughout the length of *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, the first full-length "nudeie." Since then, scores of nude movies have rolled from small-time assembly lines — movies like *Queens Wild*, *Everybody Loves It*, and *How the West Was Lost* (right top to bottom). Hatched in the face of enraged censors and bill collectors, and despite a frequent shortage of sets, costumes, and electricity, these magnificent ventures paved the way to a more enlightened Hollywood. Following are reports on many such films and, although they may appear funny and even ridiculous at times, remember — if not for their pioneer work in the field of flesh, Hollywood's idea of a sexy scene might still be limited to Debbie Reynolds collecting her first screen kiss.



EVERYBODY LOVES IT!



Adding dimension to every man's dreams, full-blown fantasy is ribald romp through realms of derring-do.

EVERY MAN DREAMS of becoming a hero and being surrounded by a host of luscious and lovable chicks. Working from this premise, Ted Paramore of Paramore Productions, has come up with a new flesh-flicker called *Everybody Loves It* that is full of belly-laughs and blouse-busting starlets. This celluloid saturnalia graphically illustrates the power and charm of a man's illusions — as long as they are aided by a magical talisman, some clever cameramen, and an entire entourage of dreamy dolls.

The hero of this fleshy flick is a lowly, workaday janitor named Everyman until Dame Fortune smiles on him. Finding a four-leaf clover, the hardly heroic hero is suddenly able to turn his fondest dreams into reality — and each one is bustier and more beautiful than the one before.

At one of the high points in the scenic scenario, Everyman imagines himself as the world's most eminent surgeon. Even with a bedside manner as inviting as bad breath, he wins over all the female patients and each offers to aid him in making a glandular



Cavorting for cameramen (opposite page), starlets add whetted interest to fantasy featuring wealth of raw talent (below right). Dreaming he is nurses' heartthrob (below left), hero imagines he is surgeon, turns hospital into shambles (bottom left).



study by promptly doffing her filmy nightie or negligee. His technique in the operating room wouldn't pass muster from the butcher's union, but it keeps the audience in stitches while the spritely hospital distaff provide comic relief by bubbling out their uniforms.

Another epidermal episode finds Everyman as the true-blue "Norbert Noble," a well-meaning but bumpitous espionage agent. Hardly an American answer to James Bond, Norbert falls prey to a slinky Mata Hari type named "Mary Hadda," and the clothes-flying fracas that follows continues all the way from boudoir to barnyard.

All in all, it's a frivolous farce with most of the gals in the near altogether. Where the plot gets weak, the movie-makers have made up for it by focusing attention on ample amounts of raw talent — which is probably why *Everybody Loves It*. ○

Wearing scant costumes (below right), starlets add sheer nonsense to hospital scene; later don birthday suits, ample application of make-up (bottom right) for filming of risqué outdoor episode (below left).



WORLD OF FLESH



Playing for high stakes, sporting dolls get raw deal from tinborn, do own double-dealing in poker game where losers take (off) all.

ANYBODY WHO PLAYS poker occasionally loses his shirt. But that old cliché about having had a bad night at the green felt tables takes on new meaning after glimpsing the gorgeous goings-on — and comings-off — in “The Poker Game” episode from United Theatrical Amusements’ epidermal epic, *World of Flesh*. At a loss for a new way to uncover the overflowing femininity of shapely starlets, the writers of this ribald romp decided to feature a pair of curvy candidates going all out in a game of strip poker.

The action starts when the gals wander into a back room poker palace and eagerly accept the invitation to sit in on



a few hands. Short on cash, however, the sporting dolls decide to stake their sweaters, etc., since they figure they are sure to be as favored by Lady Luck as they were by Mother Nature. Unfortunately for the gambling gamines, the deck is almost as well-stacked as they are — only not in their favor. As a result, viewers win some mighty fine viewing as the chancing chicks get one raw deal after another. And even in the darkened, smoked-filled room, the gals make some outstanding contributions as they show that poker can be a real art.

Hand after hand, it's just a flutter of cards, and then a flutter of clothes as the winsome losers divest themselves of their threads, item by item. The game gets critical toward the end and the femmes are about to go for broke, when the long arm of the law reaches in for a pinch. So the final outcome of the last hand is lost in the legal shuffle.

Some movie-goers might regret that the poker party is interrupted when things are going so well — for them at least. But the film game did get raided, and five will get you ten that any cinema palace featuring this flick also might. ◊



Staking clothes instead of cash (opposite page), gaming gamines finally go bust in attempt to break eye-filling losing streak (above); show that panty-ante poker can really be the living end.



THE BEACHES OF PAMPELONNE



Dispersing undraped beach bunnies in flick, gendarmes forsake daring for "baring" that's O.K. in pinch.

WHAT'S BETTER THAN a Riviera beach loaded with sun-worshipping Bardot-types in teenie-weenie bikinis? Why, the same crowd of classy-chassis chicks in no bikinis at all, of course. And that's just what you clamp your jaded orbs on when you see *The Beaches of Pampelonne*, the latest naughty nudie just out of the Can-nes from France.

Directed by Jean Girauld and starring Louis de Funes, Jean Lefevre, and Genevieve Grad, *Pampelonne* offers considerable depth of plot—but only when it comes to décolletage. Apparently, just a spyglass away from the sunny sands of St. Tropez is where the real fun crowd





Chasing nudniks through surf (above), cops discover umbrellas, trees provide scant cover (below).





Rounding up bikini-less femmes, boyfriends (above), lawmen haul them off to jail.

frolics—the ones who like their recreational activities a la Adam and Eve—sans fig leaves.

The plot, such as it is, tells the saucy tale of the local gendarmes, who are duty-bound to zip up the *au naturel*-ists' undings. They stage a raid on the sandy den of sun-iquity, at the same time hoping to nab something soft and curvy instead of the usual brand of French jailbird.

The "dogs" (dirty-old-gendarmes) form larger and more rakish raiding parties, but the far-sighted nature-lovers always manage to cover their sins by the time the Gallic gaolers arrive. Finally, the flat-footed gumshoes decide the only way they can button up the case is by dropping

their own dignity—and their drawers.

Cleverly disguised as neophyte nudists, the French-fuzz are back on the beach the next day, carefully noting unusual birthmarks and getting ready to make a quick pinch or two. A last minute check of the *Gallic Guide to Gumshoery* reveals that an arresting officer must be fully clothed. So it's back to the bushes for the bulls, and off down the beach for the group of gorgeous sand sirens.

One of the sexiest chase scenes in cinema history follows, but that's only to be expected. After all, isn't the French motto something about libertines and the happiness of pursuit? ●

QUEENS WILD!



*With Jokers wild, unclad queens cause
royal flushes in frisky full-house of fun.*



GOOD THINGS COME in small packages, or so goes somebody's corny cliché. Yet, there's nothing small and there's plenty that's good about the collection of unwrapped eyefuls that pack a regular treasure chest of talent into *Queens Wild*, the latest nudie from Bob Felderman Productions. These gals put their all into five short shorts (films, not panties) which, butted together (still the films), add up to an even number of excellent reasons for trundling down the back streets to the local Bijou to catch the fast and flesh-y filmfare.

Each of the flick's five sexy segments is a separate story telling a tail—sorry, tale—punctuated with a number of well-endowed forms and figures. The cast includes some of the finest décolletage found west of the Great Divide with such big bra-busters as Ruby Carlson, Lindy Kruger, Candy Mains, Terri Collins, and Lori Baird. And, as an added treat, the bust-er, best-of sin-ternationally known Virginia Bell is also included in a couple skin-sational scenes. Altogether—and that's

the way the gals appear—it adds up to a royal blush.

Starting out in a sunbathing sex-capade as devotees who really bare their souls to old Sol, the wild queens of *Queens Wild* make their next appearance in a western episode that has more blouse-busting than broncbusting and features an exciting duel with perfectly matched 38s. Then the spritely water nymphs add some whetted interest to a waterfall short that presents several pretty obvious reasons why salmon swim upstream. Last, but the most, there's an epidermal epic about the production of an art film—sort of a do-it-yourself documentary for those who harbor fancies about rolling their own now and then.

Well-stacked when it comes to credits, this Hollywood eye-popper provides double fivers (films and gals) back to back and is well worth the initial holdup at the box office. After all, seeing *Queens Wild* is just like spending five separate night at the nudies. And no matter how raw the deal, those are mighty good odds. ◉



*Reading art book (above), scholarly type ignores nearby inspirations. Breaks during shooting of *Queens Wild* (opposite page), definitely do not slow down action in which wild ladies continue to present winning faces, figures.*





HOW THE WEST WAS LOST!

*Baring all for alma mater,
dance hall dolls at chorine
college doff duds, bring
wicked ways to wild west.*

SAGAS OF the Golden West have long been a favorite with American movie-goers. But when good old Tom Mix and Hopalong made their last rides into the sagebrush sunset, Hollywood's low-budget filmmakers turned from horse flesh to bare flesh. Even divested of story line, psychology, and six-guns, these tales of the nude frontier are big box office attractions. Case in point: *How The West Was Lost*. This film is so bad that even the writers and production crew wish to remain anonymous. Fortunately, however, the film relies on type-casting — with well-developed female types — and there is enough rawhide on display to keep any audience wide-eyed and enthusiastic.

Stripping down to bare essentials during rehearsals for How The West Was Lost (opposite page, below), film's dance hall gals display well-stacked credits which are ingredients to save flicker from being out-and-out bust.





Action begins in an old west frontier town where an entrepreneurial bar owner decides to raise some quick dough as well as the town's lowly spirits by starting a school for dance hall girls — sort of a frontier forum for fledging floozies.

Luckily for viewers of this flacky flick, the stripling steppers soon take things into their own hands and bare all while doing their chorus girl routines. And, stripped for action, the gamboling gamines provide the local bar with some mighty pleasant views of western scenery.

News of the nudes travels fast and in no time both the school and its broad-based curriculum are famous. Soon, every one in the west wants can-can girls who do-do for their own hometown bars.

As "The End" — along with groans and catcalls from the audience — rises slowly to the screen, business at the chorine college has expanded to the point where even cowboys on the trail can find good times waiting at the pass ahead. Or as the film's "director" gagged it: "Who'd want to punch cows anyway, when there's big city fun-and-dames back at the 'chick' wagon." ○



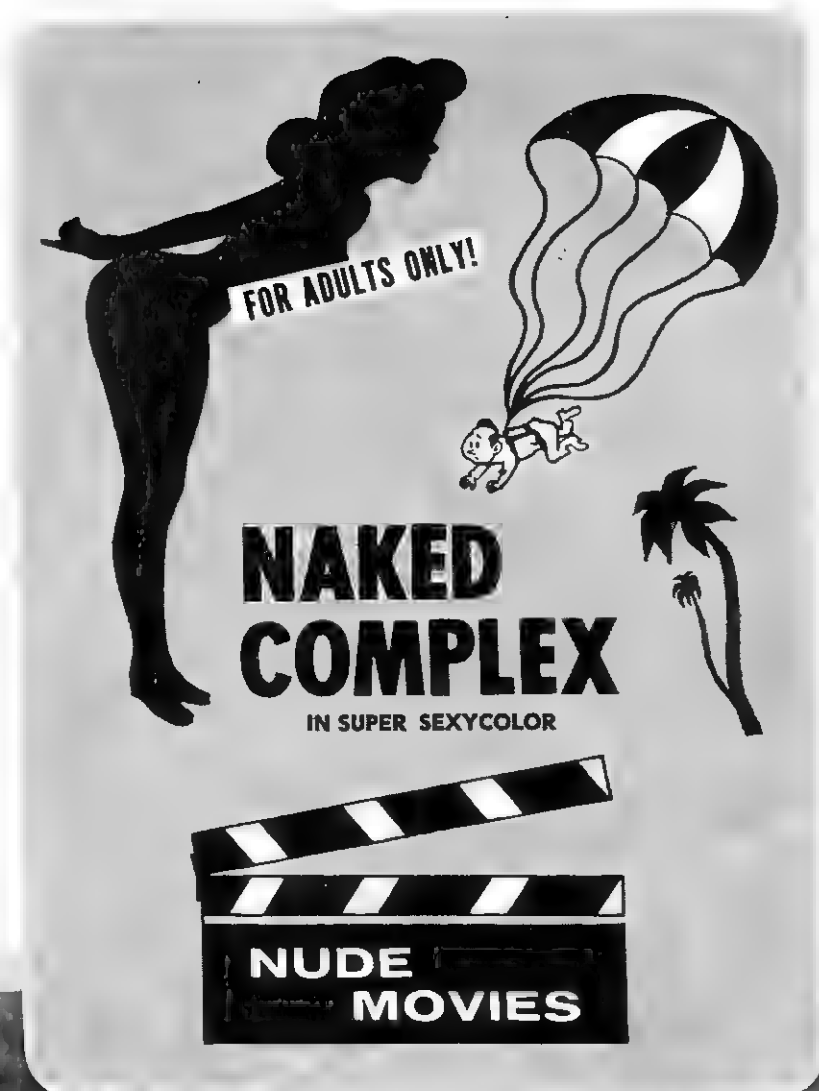
Awaiting cues (top), curvy cast takes break to get last minute tips (above left), adjust costumes (above right).

*Discovering allergy to girls,
flighty hero lands in nudist
camp, finds ticklish situation.*

PERILIOUS PREDICAMENTS have long been the stock and trade of red-blooded, all-American boys. But it is doubtful that Mike Hammer, Napoleon Solo, or Tarzan ever faced the fate-worse-than-death fix of Johnny Smith, the hero of *Naked Complex*, a heroically proportioned chunk of spicy celluloid from U. S. American Films. Johnny, it seems, has an allergy to beautiful women. Impossible? Maybe so, but the idea makes for some full-blown screen flesh-capades as a bevy of female nudists go to all ends in an attempt to cure him.

Johnny has nerves of steel and an iron will—except, of course, when it comes to femmes, and then he faints dead away. Feeling that he is an outcast, Johnny decides to banish himself from society and

*Reviving he-man, sight of gals makes
him faint every time he opens his eyes.*



Surrounding stranded hero (right), bevy of barefoot belles plan Johnny's rescue. Waiting for hero to recover, healthy heroine (below), enjoys warming rays of old Sol.



bails out of an airplane over what he thinks is a deserted isle in the Pacific. The natives come to his rescue when his 'chute tangles in a tree and they are not only friendly, but 100 per cent female—and completely as nature intended them.

Each time the gamine gymnosophists bring him around, he faints away again, and finally refuses to open his eyes until the belles who wander barefoot to the neck have put on some clothes. The leader of the pulchritudinous pack explains that they are sun-worshippers and launches into a long harangue about the hale and hearty values of romping around in the raw.

Johnny, however, is suspicious of





the excellent display of good intentions and refuses to face up to the pointed arguments he meets on all fronts. As tenacious as they are beautiful, the bountiful sweethearts of old Sol continue to work away at his perplexing problem. Nature then begins to take its course, and Johnny becomes enamoured of one of the amply charming *alfresco* sun-worshippers. Wedding the lithe and lucky lass, he doffs the last of complex and clothes, and joins the host of honeys in a splashing good time in the local lagoon.

Now psychologists might pooh-pooh the *au naturel* cure for the nutty neurosis, but they will have to admit that the treatments are sufficiently shocking. ●



Enjoying natural, au naturel way of life (top, above left), gorgeous gals have captive audience (above right). Recovering from allergy to pulchritude (below), Johnny sheds last of complex, clothes to join heroines in swim.



Depicting day in life of door-to-door drummer, raucous reel gets down to bare facts, shows there truly is art to selling

NO MAN SHOULD attempt to peddle vacuum cleaners door-to-door until after he has seen a nude-comedy movie called *Tales of a Salesman*. While primarily intended as adult entertainment, this film is of immeasurable value in describing how a salesman can become a big success — and we do not mean how much he sells. It deals more closely with the methods of collecting deposits, or commissions, or something like that.

The first object lesson in the movie is that a good salesman need not be a tiger. The hero, as portrayed by David Reed, is hardly a superb specimen of physical culture. As a matter of fact, you would have to rate him as an underdog in a newspaper-swatting duel with a little old lady.

Lesson two is that a successful salesman should pitch his product while the man of the house is at work 30 miles away. "To sell your product," advises the salesman's manual, "you must sell yourself." This, as every peddler knows, is a devious, but effective, means to an end.

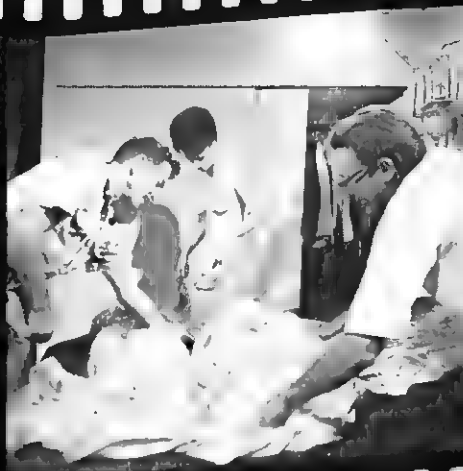
The third lesson is to choose a friendly neighborhood. Reed, for example, chooses five houses and meets five gorgeous, lovable, well-stacked, breathtaking women, none of whom have any clothes on

TALES OF A SALESMAN



Unpacking sample case (below left), salesman David Reed notes display of Jerry Dean's wares; demonstrates vacuum cleaner to Terry Taylor (below right), who also has points of interest. Strips from Tales Of A Salesman (opposite page), are filled with fun, femmes.





Cuddling with Gail Johnson (below left), clowning with director Don Russell and shapely Jerry Dean (below right), film's hero David Reed portrays bashful salesman who gets lots of fringe benefits (bottom). Canvasser (opposite top), gets "hung up" over dolls (opposite bottom).



— at any rate, not for long. So, you must admit, that this man really knows his territory.

Of course, the film might stretch one's imagination if it depicted only circumstances which were ideal. So it does introduce one emergency situation when the man of the house returns unexpectedly and finds the lady of the house in Reed's arms — and in the raw. Again, however, the successful salesman demonstrates his immediate grasp of the predicament and reacts in an appropriate manner; he faints dead away.

At this point in the script, there is a fantasy sequence in which salesman Reed dreams that he is being hanged by all five women, who are dressed as Indians. This is only entertainment and has nothing to do with the valuable lessons — the most meaningful of which is taught by the film's producer, John Lawrence (see page 6): if you want to sell something fast and make a lot of money selling it, sell sex. ○







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